

Cold & Hallowed Out by [orphan_account](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Depression, Everything is already written, F/M, Hurt, Poor el, Protective Mike Wheeler, Talk of Suicide, its sad, kinda slow burn not really, multi-chaptered, probably a chapter every two days

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Holly Wheeler, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Karen Wheeler, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Mr. kowaski, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper & Mike Wheeler, Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Joyce Byers & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, Will Byers & Dustin Henderson & Eleven & Maxine "Max" Mayfield & Lucas Sinclair & Mike Wheeler

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Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Rape/Non-Con

Chapters: 4

Words: 2,067

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Summary:

"Somebody touched her Hopper! And she didn't feel safe enough to tell any of us! She doesn't feel safe at all!"

Upstairs I hear his screams echo.

I bring my knees up to my chest and hold them, my cheek pressed against them as a stare at the moonlight outside, i feel like crying.

But I think i've run dry.

1. Cold.

Author's Note:

This is already written! you just gotta hold your horses mate.

After everything I had been through, this was one of the first times I ever felt cold inside.

The first time I was alone in my room after what happened, the first thing I did was flip through ecru colored pages of my dictionary. The crusted mustard paint of the paper back was folded in ends and my fingers stroked the lines of ink downwards in the “CO” section

First, Colchis

Then Colcothar

And finally Cold

I focused on the word through the bags under my eyes

cold

kōld/

adjective

adjective: cold; comparative adjective: colder; superlative adjective: coldest

1. of or at a low or relatively low temperature, especially when compared with the human

I read it over and over again, but it just didn't seem fitting to what I felt coursing through my veins when he touched me. When he slammed me against the locker and mumbled my cries for help with his thin lips. I squeeze my eyes shut, trying to forget the horrid memories.

Meaty hands gripping my wrists next to my body, so tight they bruised.

I let out a shuddered breath and opened my eyes, slamming the

dictionary closed.

El

April 28th 1986

Even though I felt my heart being drizzled with fear and loneliness and a great amount of numbness. I eventually did push him back, when he started holding by wrists with one hand and the other started its way up my shirt.

I tried to push like a normal teenager, but really I was pushing him back with my mind. He flew across one of the oak wood benches and into one of the lines of coral colored lockers, causing him to knock out on impact and slide down to the tiled floors.

I stood there for a second, heaving through my breath and staring at him and his lifeless figure. Quickly, I buttoned up my pants and grab everything I own in the girls locker room, shortly unlocking the door with shaking hand and running out of the place I probably won't even be able to go back to.

Ever.

While I run down the Halls, I start feeling my lungs burn and my throat slowly closing in on itself, the oxygen leaving me as tears starts steaming down my eyes. There's nobody in the halls, not anyone that I can see at least, I start sprinting outside. Maybe the air outside can help me calm down, All I need is to get the hell out of this building.

Hands on my waist.

Lips on my lips

Fists curling around my wrist, bruising them.

My breathing pipes only get smaller and this panic attack is only seconds from halting my limbs and making me slide down to the floor and something inside of me says that when I do, i'll never want to come back up.

I run and run until I can't and my whole body aches I hear somebody call me, but its fuzzy everything is blurry. all i do is keep running.

Notes for the Chapter:

Leave a comment please :)

2. Let me warm you up.

Notes for the Chapter:

I want to post the rest, but the rest of the chapters are a bit messy so i'll fix it and post it :)

Mike

April 26th 1986

I waited outside for El, leaning against my Maserati Biturbo with my arms lazily crossed in front of me. It's rusty and old and definitely smells like spoiled cheese when I don't wash it, But it was my car and like always, I'm waiting for my girlfriend in the school parking lot.

In total my day was good, it was average at most since this happens every day. I wake up, help El (my beautiful girlfriend) come out the window of my room (or vise-versa), I get to school, go through boring classes, eat lunch with my annoying yet amazing friends (not that I'd admit the second one In front of them) and my once again, amazing girlfriend. Then I wait for her to get out of the locker room and when she does we go anywhere we please. She's a bit later than normal but she's probably taking an extra long shower to run the sweat off her body.

But then I see her run out of building, tears are falling down her eyes and every bit of comfort of today sinks to the bottom of my stomach. I shout her name but she doesn't turn around, I start chasing her, Her name in my throat. My legs are longer than hers and we're both running at the same speed. We pass a block or two before I wrap my arms around my waist and she flinches so hard that I see her body rocket forward by her powers, a pavement block or two down.

I lay there on the ground, slowly getting up in her direction

"El calm down! What happened?" I ask slowly reaching her even

though my body just wants to run towards her.

She's turning around as she stopped crawling with the heels of her converse. We stared at each other and it's like she fell from this trance and blinks her tearful eyes, they slowly seep with recognition.

"Mike." She chokes out and I tentatively go to hug her tightly, but she flinches and her sweaty back straitens, so I back off her and ask what happened but all she does is stare at me, almost bursting tears, asking me to take her home, please.

When I start walking for the car she's a a bit behind wrapped up in herself and I stop myself from begging her what happened.

When she falls asleep in the car, I just stare at her puffy eyes and then I see a bruises forming on her pale wrists. Almost in the shape of fingers.

Notes for the Chapter:

Leave a comment :)

3. Broken.

Summary for the Chapter:

The slanting thing isn't working so just cope with me please.

Notes for the Chapter:

Friends don't Lie

Unless they need too

El

April 26th 1986

I slowly peels my eyes open and look at the white ceiling, when I'm about to stand up and looks at my surroundings and to see what happen-

Oh.

I remember, my brain starts mocking me with what happened In that damn school locker room.

Oh hi Jane, Had a good run?

Click

How could I have been such an idiot, I could have stopped him. I could have heard the door lock if I wanted to but I didn't, I was stupid and careless. I let my guard down.

I blink back a few tears while pressing the palm of my hands to my eyes and taking a deep breath, when someone knocks on the door.

I can tell it's Mike, because he's one of the only people that would ever knock in this household.

I almost answer when the door swings open and I see Will walk into the room, Mike shortly behind him.

He looks worried, they both do, I sit up in the bed and stare at them.

“You’re awake.” Will says, I nod

“What happened El?” I look over at Mike’s direction, his leg is shaking a bit and I can tell he’s aching to pace around this room.

I shake my head “Nothing happened”

Will looks down at his shoes and his thumbs play with the pocket of his jeans, Mike on the other hand doesn’t take his eyes off of me.

“I’m being serious” why was it suddenly so easy to lie?

“El, we saw your wrists. You have bruises.” Mike says seriously

I slowly take my hands out of the sheets and find bruises. They’re in green and blue and you can almost see the lines of where the fingers used to be.

Jeez real helpful to forget.

“What happened El?” Will looks over at me again and I can feel my step brothers eyes seeping through me, I turn my head back towards them.

“I...” A frogs got my throat and all I can feel tears trying to escape my eyes

“I was in the locker room”

“You’re so beautiful, Jane”

“I think you should go, sir”

“And..”

“Don’t tell anyone Janie”

“What?”

“And Stacy and her goons threatened me.” I stare down at my hands to avoid their gaze, I can feel the bed dip on both sides

“Her goons?” Mike asks

I nod through my lies, they all think I’m crying for the wrong reasons.

“It was to scare me” I look Mike in the eyes through tears

“What are you doing?!”

“Cause I stood up for myself and for you guys” I turn my head to Will

“Stop!”

“She was saying mean things so I embarrassed her and she got pay back.” I shrug, wiping the droplets with the back of my hand.

Mike looks at my wrists and back at me and I accidentally catch his gaze. His worried, caring gaze.

“So she did that to you?” Mike says slowly

“I just got a bit shaken up” I shake my head, looking him straight in the eyes.

Beautiful eyes, filled with love and care and I’m lying to him like its nothing, like he’s nothing.

“I’m alright” I lie, I want to crawl in a hole and die

“But-“ Will starts

I tell them I’m just tired and that I just want to sleep the scare off, they leave after asking a few times if I’m sure. When they close the door, I let a few tears escape out of the edge of my eyes, and I stuff my face into my hands. Waiting for the sleeping pill I took to slowly seep into my system at first I don’t feel anything. Then I close my eyes and can’t see anything. Finally going to sleep, I can’t think anything. Im just a body for a few hours.

I don’t think I’ve ever felt so good before

Notes for the Chapter:

Leave a comment please :)

4. Let me fix you.

Mike

April 28th 1986

El doesn't go to school for a few days, Hopper found out about the bruises and when Joyce found out the Hopper/Byers household turned to chaos. El had to beg and make all of them promise to not do anything and that it was alright, that she was fine.

She didn't look fine.

She had these bag under her eyes even though most of the time she was sleeping, passed out in her bedroom. And if she wasn't sleeping, she was showering in molting hot water, she scrubs her skin so hard you're able to see the red marks of the lofa, sometimes she just stares ahead, at nothing and I can see her jump a bit.

I try to talk to her about it but her sentences always consist with the words

"I'm fine", "I'm tired" , "Mike, I'm alright"

I sit at lunch and it doesn't feel the same, yeah, we still joke around but El not being there doesn't feel natural. Sometimes I feel like El's not there at all when I'm in the same room as her.

"You got that essay due for me yet, Henderson?" I look up and see Stacy Vanburon, her hands slammed down on the lunch table while she looks over at Dustin with a pink wad gum being chewed in her big mouth. I can practically feel my blood begin to boil.

"He's not your slave, Vanburon" Max glares, Stacy whips her head towards her

"Sorry, ginger was I talking to you?" Stacy pops the gum in her mouth

I can't help from answering back

“Stacy, why don’t you go choke on a pom pom or something. You already took one of us out” She looks over at my direction, glaring and I only do it back.

“I didn’t take anyone out.” Stacy shakes her head “not any of your losers”

“Jane, your bruised her wrists, with your little entourage of bimbos” Will tells her sharply but all does Stacy does is scoff

“Ok” She looks at each of us “If I gave a shit about my reputation, which I obviously do. I wouldn’t go beating up the police cheif’s daughter. Why do you think you pricks aren’t getting any trouble, Jane is your safe zone. From the sports teams at least”

I hate that she makes sense, I look around the table and the others look like they’re on the same train of thought as I am.

Her eyes look directly at me and she shrugs one shoulder with a false pout before taking the wad of gum out of her mouth and sticks it on my turkey sandwich

“Seems like someones lying to you, Wheeler.” She smiles and walks away from the table.

For a second, we just stare at each other

El wouldn’t lie to us, would she?

She wouldn’t lie to me.

Notes for the Chapter:

Leave a comment plz :)